

## The second part of

*Doll* I cannot speake, if my hart be not ready to burst: wel  
sweete Iacke, haue a care of thy selfe.

*Fal.* Farewell, farewell.

*Host.* Wel, fare thee wel, I haue knowne thee these twentie  
nine yeeres, come pease-cod time, but an honeste, and truer  
hearted man: wel, fare thee wel.

*Bard.* Mistris Tere-sheete.

*Host.* Whats the matter?

*Bard.* Bid mistris Tere-sheete come to my maister.

*Host.* O runne Doll, runne, runne good Doll, come, shee  
comes blubberd, yea? wil you come Doll? *exeunt*

*Enter Iustice Shallow, and Iustice Silens.*

*Sha.* Come on, come on, come on, giue me your hand sir,  
giue me your hand sir, an early stirrer, by the Roode: and how  
doth my good coosin Silence?

*Si.* Good morrow good coosine Shallow.

*Sha.* And how doth my coosin your bedfellow? and your  
fairest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

*Si.* Alas, a blacke woosel, coosin Shallow.

*Sha.* By yea, and no, sir, I dare say my coosin William is be-  
come a good scholler, he is at Oxford stil, is he not?

*Si.* Indeede sir to my cost.

*Sha.* A must then to the Innes a court shortly: I was once  
of Clements Inne, where I thinke they wil talke of mad Shal-  
low yet.

*Si.* You were calld Lusty Shallow then, coosin.

*Sha.* By the masse I was calld any thing, and I would haue  
done any thing indeede too, and roundly too: there was I, and  
little Iohn Doyt of Staffordshire, and blacke George Barnes,  
and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotsole man, you  
had not foure such swinge-bucklers in all the Innes a court a-  
gaine, and I may say to you, wee knewe where the bona robes  
were, and had the best of them all at commaundement: then  
was Iacke Falstaffe, now sir Iohn, a boy, and page to Thomas  
Mowbray duke of Norffolke.

*Si.* This sir Iohn, coosin, that comes hither anone about  
fouldi-

## Henry t

fouldiers?

*Sha.* The same sir Iohn, t  
Skoggins head at the Court g  
thus high: and the very same c  
Stockefish a Fruiterer behind  
mad dayes that I haue spent! a  
acquaintance are dead.

*Si.* We shal all follow, coo

*Sha.* Certaine, tis certaine,  
Psalmist faith) is certaine to all  
of bullockes at Samforth faire:

*Si.* By my troth I was not

*Sha.* Death is certaine: Is  
ing yet?

*Si.* Dead sir.

*Sha.* Iesu, Iesu, dead! a drev  
a fine shoote: Iohn a Gaunt l  
money on his head. Dead? a  
twelue score, and carried you  
fourteene and a halfe, that it  
good to see. How a score of

*Si.* Thereafter as they bee  
worth ten pounds.

*Sha.* And is olde Dooble

*Si.* Here come two of sir I

*Enter Bardolfe*

Good morrow honest gen

*Bardolfe* I beseech you, w

*Sha.* I am Robert Shallow  
Countie, and one of the Kin  
your good pleasure with me?

*Bard.* My Captaine, sir, c  
tain sir Iohn Falstaffe, a tall g  
gallant Leader.

*Sha.* He greeetes me wel, fi  
man: how doth the good K